

# JACINTA

AND OTHER VERSES

*By* HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

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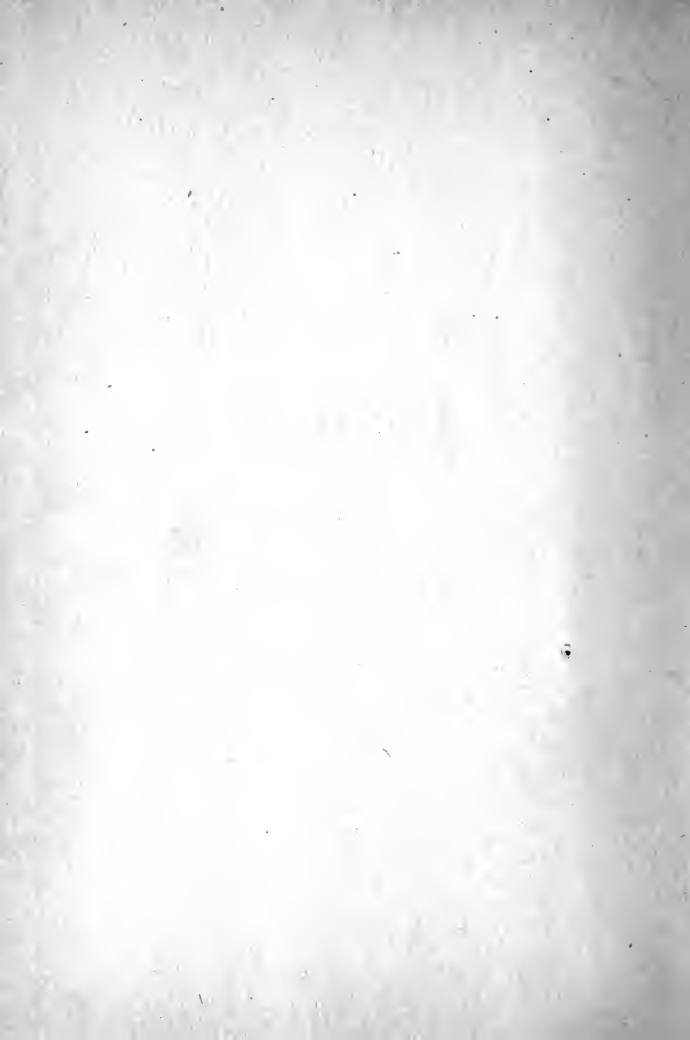
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**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**





**Jacinta**



# JACINTA

A Californian Idyll

*And Other Verses*

By

Howard V. Sutherland



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At the Sign of the Lark

New York

1900

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To  
FRANK DEARDORF



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JACINTA:  
A CALIFORNIAN IDYLL



## JACINTA

**I** SING of home, of western shore,  
Which hears each morn and night the sea  
With mighty crash and booming roar  
Give praise to God eternally ;  
Upon whose sands are sometimes hurled  
The wreckage of one half the world.

I sing of home because I know  
My land of purple, green and gold ;  
Because I love it, and although  
I live in exile still I hold  
Of all earth's queenly lands the best  
Is still the sea-lapped, sun-lit West.

## Jacinta

I sing thereof because my soul  
Is sick with longing and I fain  
Would see the shining aureole  
That crowns the west, when down the main  
The sun goes royally ; the light  
Around him and behind — the night.

How well I know that sea of mine  
When angry Tritons churn its deeps ;  
When maddened waves upheave their brine  
Against the land's rock-armored steeps ;  
And sullenly retreat again —  
Their frenzied onslaught all in vain.

Towards the blind and barren beach  
Whose breast is strewn with shell and weed,  
The waves' white hands forever reach  
Until the waves themselves recede  
And arch their splendid backs in wrath  
And burst in floods of foam and froth.



## Jacinta

How well I know the wheeling gulls ;  
The hollow howling of the wind ;  
The barking seals ; the fitful lulls ;  
The surf ; the dreary dunes behind ;  
The frowning clouds, close-wedged, enorme,  
The grim spectators of the storm.

What bodes the ocean's empty rage ?  
Why howl these foolish winds so loud ?  
The Westland has its heritage —  
Immunity from storm and cloud.  
There cannot be eternal war  
Between the sea and this fair shore.

While yet the sea-lashed Tritons fight  
The sun appears and bids them cease ;  
The skies are tinged with golden light,  
The winds and waters sign a peace.  
And ere the sands have drunk their fill  
A silence falls o'er sea and hill.

## Jacinta

How well I know my western land  
That clothes itself each month anew  
With blooms more golden than the sand,  
As white as snow, than sky more blue —  
Dear flowers that are content to be  
Like nuns in their humility !

The poppy, iris, marguerite,  
The larkspur and the violet ;  
The honeysuckle, fresh and sweet,  
The bluebell and the mignonette ;  
The pansy (loved of Proserpine),  
Forget-me-not and eglantine.

And others which I cannot name  
Yet which are fair as flowers are ;  
Each morn, behold, they weep with shame  
At having wooed some distant star  
Which saw them not, but loved in turn  
The moon, for which all stars must yearn.

## Jacinta

Dear blooms, the world were drear indeed

Were you not here to make it gay ;

You make us think who sowed the seed,

Who closes you at end of day.

You may be humble, yet you teach

Us more, perhaps, than they who preach.

How fair those morns when o'er the deep

Sets sail to wearied pagan lands

The poppy-freighted ship of sleep

To give men rest and ease their bands.

Soft music seems to fill the air

As though the angels choired there.

How good each summer afternoon

To lie amid the sedges tall

And render thanks for God's best boon —

To be alive and feel it all ;

To be a part of land, of sea,

The Past and of Eternity ;

## Jacinta

To hear the music of the shell,  
    To feel the joyous wind's caress,  
To see the ocean's bosom swell  
    And know Who makes it restless — yes,  
To be a very part of Him  
Who sends the mighty seraphim

To beat the waters back and forth,  
    And drag the ocean's silvered floors ;  
To tear the icefloes from the North,  
    To light the lamps at heaven's doors ;  
To fling the snow on mountain crest  
And drive the sun from east to west.

When evening falls, with crimson blush  
    The sky beholds the earth prepare  
To woo the night. A solemn hush  
    Pervades the faintly-perfumed air,  
Unless, perchance, by lonely bird  
The dreaming hills and woods are stirred.

## Jacinta

But soon the singer seeks its nest,  
Night's sentries guard the purpled dome ;  
The very sea inclines to rest  
And gives the ocean birds a home.  
The hopeless moon, like pale-faced nun,  
Still dreams about the kingly sun.

O'er sands and sea, o'er hill and vale,  
A sense of peacefulness descends ;  
No more the insects drone the tale  
Of how the day's short pleasure ends ;  
No more the straggling bees make known  
Their love in language all their own.

But very soon the winds arise  
And murmur softly to the trees  
The songs they hear in Paradise —  
The holy angels' symphonies.  
And while they sing with voices deep  
The West, my West, is lulled to sleep.

\* \*  
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\* \*

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\* \*

# Jacinta

## THE IDYLL

A HILLY sea-coast, cleft in two,  
Some rocks, with barking seals at play ;  
A ruined fort which dares the blue  
And gray Pacific day by day.  
Deceptive slopes where bugles blow ;  
A bay secure from storm or foe.

A youthful city, throned on hills,  
A city loved of wind and sun —  
A chalice which the evening fills  
With peacefulness when day is done ;  
O'er which the golden rays decline  
In steady streams of amber wine.

To some a mother, on whose breast  
Most weary men from older lands  
Can lay their tired heads and rest  
Till strength returns to heart and hands ;  
Till will returns to up and move  
The slow world upward, groove by groove.

## Jacinta

To some a youth, alert and proud,  
Whose Titan father sought his mate  
Among our hills, half-veiled in cloud ;  
A youth unfearing, sure of Fate,  
Determined, friend of Right and Truth —  
A type of noblest western youth.

To some who look with lovers' gaze  
And point her beauty out at night,  
She seems a mistress all ablaze  
With countless jewels, red and white ;  
Outstretched above the sea she lies,  
Unuttered dreamings in her eyes.

The four great winds of heaven strive  
To do her service loyally ;  
When stars wax amorous they drive  
The spectral mist from off the sea  
And hide her underneath its wings  
Until the day's first herald sings.

## Jacinta

The waters play about her feet,  
The breezes sport above her head ;  
In winter's cool, in summer's heat  
Amid the hills she hath her bed ;  
And be her pillow green or brown  
'Mid flowers she can lay her down.

In future years, it hath been writ,  
This western State shall rise and draw  
All earnest-purposed men to it,  
All laden ships towards its shore ;  
And proudly on the wooing air  
Shall float the Banner of the Bear.

And San Francisco shall be made  
The arbitress 'twixt West and East,  
Adjudging fairly, unafraid ;  
Her tribunals toward the least  
And to the greatest e'er shall be  
A very spring of Equity.



## Jacinta

Religion, Industries and Arts  
Shall here abide in those dim years  
When older lands, with older marts,  
Are blotted out beneath the tears  
Of humble workers ; worn away  
By breath of Time's sad serf — Decay.

\* \* \*

O western land, O western town,  
O western women, western men,  
When comes the day that I go down  
To sunless lands and sleep, ah, then,  
I beg ye grant to me the love  
So hard a-winning here above.

So hard a-winning, though I sought  
By humble means to make it mine ;  
Not only has the soldier fought,  
But even he who hears divine  
Sad songs within his sunless heart  
And strives their message to impart

## Jacinta

To men and women wed to toil ;  
To those who have no time to hear  
The voice that rises o'er the broil  
Yet reaches only dreamer's ear,  
And whispers him of peace and rest  
And recompense for earth's oppressed.

And very oft the man who sings  
Is wounded ; but he dares not tell  
About his wounds, his sufferings —  
He smiles, and all seems passing well.  
The song is heard ; but who shall heed  
The singer or the singer's need ?

And though I heard a spirit sing  
About these sundown seas and lands,  
I could not tell ye everything —  
I do my best. God understands.  
And ye ? Ye will remember, then,  
My western women, western men ?

\*

\*

\*

## Jacinta

Upon a hill that faced the sea  
    A cottage stood, a humble place,  
Yet built of fragrant redwood tree  
    And fashioned with a certain grace  
That spoke of taste and made one fain  
To pause and look at it again.

Its walls were hid beneath a veil,  
    Where birds made nests, of lasting green ;  
And roses red and roses pale  
    And one big bunch of jessamine  
Entwined the latticed porch and made  
A scent as of a forest glade.

A garden filled with shady trees  
    And old-time flowers grew around ;  
They nodded idly in the breeze  
    Or cast their petals on the ground ;  
While watchful hedges kept at bay  
The dune's encroachment day by day.

## Jacinta

'T was early morn. The sun as yet  
Just stained the peaks with golden dye ;  
From out its leafy minaret  
A songster carolled at the sky  
And sought from out its nest to stir  
Each sleepy feathered worshipper.

The sea was like a silver shield,  
Which scarcely seemed to rise or fall ;  
But when the sunbeams lit each field  
The shield was sapphire-hued, and all  
The waves awoke and clapped their hands  
And raced towards their love — the sands.

And suddenly one sound was heard,  
The mingled music of the deep,  
The joyful wind, the careless bird —  
All nature, fresh-aroused from sleep.  
One endless song, one mighty hymn ;  
God's playthings giving thanks to Him.

## Jacinta

The door was opened and there came  
From out the house with stately tread  
And peaceful mien an aged dame ;  
The silvered hair upon whose head  
Was like a crown Time gives the old —  
More honored than a crown of gold.

Your golden crowns are only worn  
In empty pomp by fated kings ;  
But silvered hair, like crown of thorn,  
Suggestive is of higher things.  
It tells of sorrow and of care  
Yet hints of triumph o'er despair.

The dame's arrival seemed a sign  
For chicks of every size and kind  
In piping chorus to combine  
And follow noisily behind  
Their chatelaine, who also fed  
The birds that twittered overhead.

## Jacinta

And then among the younger flowers  
    She moved and gathered, one by one,  
The sweet companions of the hours  
    Whose lives, alas, so soon are done ;  
And thought, perhaps, how even she  
Must brave some day the Greater Sea.

But ere her posy was complete  
    The door was opened once again  
By one who ran with tripping feet  
    That touched the path like summer rain  
To where the smiling mother stood —  
Still conscious of her motherhood.

Jacinta this ; a simple girl  
    Of seventeen, who had not spent  
Her childhood in the fevered whirl  
    Of city life, where backs are bent  
And souls are dwarfed beneath the load  
We all must pack along the road.

## Jacinta

A child at heart, who had not known  
The city's base temptations ; for  
With mother she had lived alone  
Above the sea, above the shore —  
Above the rocks, above the wrecks,  
Beyond the touch of derelicts.

A flower born 'neath redwood trees  
Transplanted to the peaceful heights ;  
A playmate of the rain and breeze,  
Of shadows and of changing lights.  
As much a part of nature as  
The poppies and azaleas.

A simple girl whose faith was still  
As whole as piping bird's may be ;  
Who saw a glory on the hill  
And heaven's mirage on the sea ;  
Whose trust in all her kind was sure  
Because herself was good and pure.

## Jacinta

A comely maid she was. Her hair  
Was golden as the autumn grain ;  
Her eyes were blue ; her skin was fair  
Despite the touch of wind and rain.  
She seemed a dryad of the wood  
Just merging into womanhood.

She kissed her mother ; then she placed,  
With girlish pride in girlish strength,  
A rounded arm about her waist ;  
And so they slowly walked the length  
Of all their world, until at last  
'T was time to break the morning's fast.

\* \* \*

O ye who idly while away  
The morn, the noon, the eve, the night,  
Forget not those who never play —  
The little ones who have to fight  
To earn their daily loaf of bread,  
To pay for clothes or trundle-bed.



## Jacinta

They are so young, they are so frail,  
They were not made to work like men ;  
The blood that leaves those cheeks so pale  
Can ne'er be conjured back again.  
Those little limbs, so weak, so thin,  
How can these children conquer sin?

How few of them have seen the sea!  
How few have spent a holiday  
Among the trees where they should be  
Instead of withering away  
Beneath the tiles, upon the street,  
Exposed alike to cold and heat !

Had ye a sister? Look at these !  
A brother? See those urchins there !  
The sweat shops and the factories  
Are fed with such from year to year ;  
And later on the prisons reap  
The unripe harvest. Can ye sleep?

## Jacinta

There are so many to assist ;

There is so much that ye can do  
To help the little ones who missed

The joys of life. If ye but knew  
How oft they hunger, I am sure  
Ye 'd help the children of the poor.



**W**ITHIN the city there did dwell  
An unknown youth, John Orme by name ;  
Whom fortune favored not too well  
Although he fought his way to fame  
In after years — as all must do  
Who wish to join the chosen few.

## Jacinta

An upright lad of kingly heart,  
Of kingly mien and kingly soul ;  
A lad to take and play a part  
And leave his name on honor's scroll.  
A lad whom men would love and whom  
A girl would follow to the tomb.

A western lad who had not been  
Beyond the borders of his State,  
But knew full well (for he had seen)  
What makes our California great ;  
And was content to stay and be  
A partner in her destiny.

\* \* \*

Look out upon your fertile land,  
Ye Californians, and be proud ;  
The sea is yours, that golden sand,  
Those mountains which defy the cloud ;  
Those valleys rich in fruit and corn  
Those streams where trout and salmon spawn.

## Jacinta

Ye have of precious ore your share,  
    Ye have your cattle and your steeds ;  
Ye have your solemn forests where  
    No drunken Pan e'er piped on reeds  
To break the dreams of redwood trees  
As hoary as the centuries.

Your sons are clean souled, brave and strong,  
    Good men to love, good men to fight ;  
Good men to rectify a wrong  
    When once they start to set things right,  
And make new laws and simpler creeds  
To suit their fellows' many needs.

Your daughters are as fair as pearls,  
    As pure as purest pearl can be ;  
(A health to all dear western girls  
    Across the land, across the sea !)  
Behold their strength of limb, their grace ;  
Ye need not fear for western race.

## Jacinta

Look out upon this State of yours,  
Ye Californians of to-day ;  
The world is at your very doors —  
Ye cannot keep the world away ;  
And in your dreams when ye are dead  
Ye 'll hear it tramping overhead.

\* \* \*

They met at first beside the sea —  
The sea which gives and takes again ;  
The restless priest of Destiny  
Whose very voice is fraught with pain ;  
The sea which never sleeps, and sees  
Such sorrow and such tragedies !

And then they met upon the hills  
Each drawn towards the other by  
That force which guides and sometimes stills  
The flaming meteors of the sky.  
And soon Jacinta knew no more  
The peace that had been hers before.

## Jacinta

For though they talked of other things,  
About their hopes, about their fears,  
Love touched them gently with its wings  
And lo ! it seemed that they for years  
Had wandered thus on hills or sand,  
Two happy children, hand in hand.

And soon John loved her, as a weed  
Might love a rose ; for he was poor  
And never dreamed that she had need  
Of him to make her peace secure.  
And she, whose prayers were still unheard,  
Knew all, but could not say a word.

The months passed by till one late noon  
The maiden and the mother sat  
Beside their door, nor thought how soon  
A Visitor would knock thereat  
And beckon one to come and see  
The glory of God's majesty.

## Jacinta

The mother's thoughts were with the past,  
Her soul was with her patient dead ;  
But life's blue sky was overcast  
For sweet Jacinta, and instead  
Of dreaming of the coming years  
She dreamed of John amid her tears.

And soon she knelt beside the dame  
And sobbed unhindered ; then she told  
About her love and how he came  
Across her path, like knight of old ;  
And how the very dunes seemed fair  
And beautiful when he was there.

And how a glory clothed the sea  
Because she saw it through his eyes ;  
And how the bright stars seemed to be  
The outer lamps of Paradise,  
And all because God's ministers  
Had made her his and made him hers.

## Jacinta

Alone they were, those sacred ones —

The maid and mother ; both akin  
In purity to purest nuns

Who ever pray for those who sin ;  
The maid and mother — links that bind  
The spirit world with humankind.

Across the embowered portico

The first sad heralds of the mist  
With faces veiled and footsteps slow  
Crept past to keep their phantom tryst,  
And laid their cool moist fingers on  
The roses' cheeks in benison.

The sea was hid beneath a pall

Which spread along the sand's soft bed,  
And soon the lonely dunes and all

The shore was hid ; while overhead  
The mist swept past and every hill  
Wore Death's gray robe and was as still.



## Jacinta

The mother kissed her grieving child  
And stroked her hair and bade her be  
Less sad of heart and reconciled  
To God's own will and surely He  
Would one day, when He deemed it best,  
Set both their troubled hearts at rest.

\* \* \*

That self-same night there softly trod  
The winding stairways of the skies  
An angel from the courts of God —  
A Gardener, with kindly eyes  
Most calm with age, most kind with love,  
Who tends the gardens there above.

He was not heard, he was not seen,  
Nor did he make his presence known ;  
For though the Gardener has been  
Each night to earth since first were sown  
The flowers he culls, and holds so dear,  
Men think of him, and will, with fear.

## Jacinta

They do not know how good he is,  
How very wise, how very kind ;  
As old as human frailties —  
To all our imperfections blind.  
They do not know he plants us all  
In gardens near God's tribunal.

That night he walked along the shore  
And saw among the hills afar  
A cottage he had passed before,  
The door of which was left ajar.  
He went thereto and oped it wide  
And saw two flowers, side by side.

Asleep they lay. The one still fair —  
A simple child whose cheeks were wet ;  
The angel saw her golden hair  
And folded hands and said : “ Not yet,  
Sweet one, so young ; for thou must learn  
The joys of life ere I return.

## Jacinta

“ The flowers of yonder land above  
Have known life’s joy, have known its pain ;  
Have known its grief, have known its love,  
Have seen night turn to day again.  
The buds are only gathered when  
They might be bruised by thoughtless men.”

He passed to where the other lay,  
Narcissus-white, with heart of gold ;  
He touched her, saying : “ Come away  
To where thy petals may unfold ! ”  
She sighed in sleep, then sweetly smiled  
And woke to plead for her dear child.



## Jacinta

'T WAS evening now. Two days had gone  
To join the Past since on the heights  
The angel walked and left thereon  
A simple flower to brave the nights —  
The awful nights, the barren days  
When one departs and one still stays.

The air was now so calm, serene,  
So full of subtle promisings,  
One scarce believed that Death had been  
Along that way, or that his wings  
Perhaps were drooping even then  
Above the heads of boastful men.

The sun was setting. O'er the grass  
Belated sunbeams cast their gold  
Like careless spendthrifts whom, alas,  
The cloak of night must soon enfold,  
And who can never read the sky  
And learn how soon they have to die.

## Jacinta

The sky was robed in pearly gray,  
With fringe of violet and blue,  
With lemon tints where yet the day  
Was disappearing, passing through  
The heaven's arch to light the least  
Of all the mountains in the East.

The glinting city seemed asleep,  
Its revelry was laid aside ;  
For men are glad to rest and keep  
The Sabbath holy, o'er the wide,  
Wide world wherein they come and go  
Like human ships, tossed to and fro.

And e'en the sea was very still,  
The waves rolled softly up the sand ;  
No sound was heard on dunes or hill —  
The world appeared to understand  
That Grief had left her biding place  
To be on earth a little space.

## Jacinta

Among the hills where few men tread

There lies an acre hedged around,  
Wherein repose the peaceful dead —

A silent place where ne'er a sound  
Except the piping of a bird  
Or crash of distant surf is heard.

A humble place except to them

Who sojourn there, and know that they  
Will some day see the cherubim

Pour forth the mighty vials of Day  
Upon the purpled robes of Night  
And flood the world with purest light.

Without, the restless sedges wave

Their lissome arms towards the sea ;  
Within, above each grass-locked grave

Sweet flowers bloom eternally.  
Without, nor winds nor worries cease ;  
Within is ever rest and peace.

\*

\*

\*

## Jacinta

Whoe'er thou art thou shalt be borne  
One day to such a resting place ;  
And though thy heart be glad or torn  
When thou hast run thy little race  
Thou, too, shalt lay thee down and find  
Good rest in death, and peace of mind.

Whoe'er thou art, or rich or poor,  
The Gardener will come for thee  
And place thy cross this side the door  
And lay thee with his company,  
And thou shouldst not be loath to leave  
The life wherein one has to grieve.

Whoe'er thou art, or sick or well,  
Thou shalt be borne by others there ;  
Thou dost not know, no man can tell  
Of thy hence-taking, when or where.  
But thou shouldst not be loath to sleep  
Where none will dream and none will weep.

## Jacinta

Whoe'er thou art, or young or old,  
Thou shouldst be more than glad to go,  
To leave thy poverty or gold  
For those who still must reap and sow ;  
For there among those silent friends  
All toil is o'er, all sorrow ends.

\* \* \*

Along the central path there crept  
A slow procession ; first there were  
The men who bore the one who slept  
And who would soon be resting there ;  
While many women walked behind  
With children restless as the wind.

Towards a grave they wound their way —  
An open grave which soon would hide  
Until the final Judgment Day  
The humbled dust that lay inside.  
And when at last they came thereto  
They laid the casket down and drew



## Jacinta

Around their priest who knew each one —

Had blessed them all before at birth  
And when their little lives were done

Would bless and lay them in the earth,  
And pray for them by night and day  
Until he, too, was lured away.

He spoke to them in simple speech

And told them all that man can tell,  
The lessons that the Scriptures teach —

The promise that it shall be well  
With those who do their humble best  
And lay them down in faith to rest.

He told them how each mortal must

Pass on towards that higher sphere,  
And leave as tribute here his dust

Which grows so heavy as we near  
The little door that closes fast  
When once the wanderer has passed.

## Jacinta

He told them of that fairer place  
Where we shall meet at trumpet call  
And see our Maker face to face  
And learn the reason of it all :  
Where loved ones linger side by side  
And are forever satisfied.

He paused awhile till sturdy men  
The casket lowered to its bed  
Upon the yellow clay, and then  
He cast on it some earth and said  
Those mighty words that promise life  
Yet wound the heart like keenest knife.

The mourners stayed until the grave  
Was satisfied. When all was through  
The priest to each his blessing gave  
And all went homewards ; all save two —  
Jacinta, one ; the other, John,  
Who could not leave but lingered on.

## Jacinta

They stood together, hand in hand,  
A western lad, a western maid ;  
Afar was heard upon the sand  
Each wave's faint murmur as it laid  
Its tribute at her golden feet  
And died ere conquest was complete.

And solemn bells would chime and then  
Be lost in space ; content to be  
Of moment's use — reminding men  
Of prayer and of eternity,  
And how they too must fade away  
As fades the sunshine, ray by ray.

The heavens were darkened now ; the stars,  
Like vestal virgins whom the sun  
Keeps prisoners behind the bars,  
Stepped slowly forth and, one by one,  
Prepared to greet and glorify  
The stately empress of the sky.

## Jacinta

The winds in numbers sad and slow  
    Had sung the dead day's requiem ;  
Had seen its courtiers seawards go,  
    Had seen the evening follow them ;  
They lingered now upon the hill  
Where all, except the sedge, was still.

One almost seemed to feel the breath  
    Of angels on the scented air ;  
Or was it yet the wings of Death,  
    The Gardener, who hovered there  
Above the silent, grieving twain  
And fain had made them glad again ?

Jacinta sobbed as though her heart  
    Were like to break ; for still it seemed  
She could not dare to play her part  
    Alone in life, where no star gleamed  
To set her wandering feet aright  
And comfort her throughout the night.

## Jacinta

She knelt and prayed for help and strength  
To do her work, to find her way  
Throughout life's maze, and when at length  
She rose again, it seemed a ray  
Of light suffused her doubting soul  
And made it strong again and whole.

And still they lingered side by side  
Although they never spoke a word ;  
But He whom she had asked to guide  
Her bark across the sea had heard  
Her girlish prayer ; for even while  
She turned to John with weary smile,

To bid him take her home, he stood  
In front of her and told his love ;  
And something whispered he was good  
So, with a prayer to God above,  
She gazed in his clear eyes and saw  
Not only heaven —— something more.

# Jacinta

## THE LOST LIGHT

AS one in dreams awhile may clearly see  
The much-loved face of one long passed  
away,

So, too, there comes, when saddest seems the day,  
A fleeting glimpse of Paradise to me.

I see the hosts who wait with bended knee

Before the Throne whence glory streams away ;

I seem to hear the very words they say

In tones that make the wind's sweet melody.

But when my soul, returned from heaven, tries  
With gentle song to still the hapless sighs

Of my pale fellows, slaves to grief and pain,  
Expression fails me and while yet I seek

In halting rhyme the words I heard to speak,

The curtain falls and all grows dark again.

# Jacinta

## OUR LADY OF GREAT CONSOLATION

SHE stands secure above the world's unrest  
To plead with God the sorrows of our race ;  
A mother's smile relights her thoughtful face  
As each lone soul creeps sadly to her breast.  
Within her arms (O arms so softly pressed  
About thy babe !) each one may find a place  
Who yearns for love and that all-sacred grace  
With which at last earth's weary ones are blest.

Each one to her can falter out the tale  
Of tasks attempted, how results would fail  
The soul's ideal and the heart's desire ;  
And when, at last, the childish murmurs cease,  
With soothing glance she gives the griever peace  
And strength to brave the daytime's purging fire.

# Jacinta

## SAN FRANCISCO

(FROM THE HILLS)

'MID sedges tall this summer day I lie  
And hear the waves fall softly on the sand.

So pure the air, it seems with outstretched hand  
One e'en might touch that veil we call the sky.

From o'er the sea the wind with fretful sigh

Betakes its way across the fertile land,

Whose flaunting poppies form a golden band,  
And dance before the sun's voluptuous eye.

Beyond the dunes a city, young but proud,  
Upreats its front in sunshine or through cloud —

The fairest jewel on our country's breast ;  
A man-made city, whose strong voice shall sound  
In days to come life's truths the world around,  
And wake earth's leaders from their gold-drugged  
rest.



# Jacinta

## LYRIC

**I**N the wake of the moon is one faithful attendant  
Who finds his delight  
In watching the face of his mistress resplendent,  
The Queen of the Night.

The moon has attained to the height of her power,  
The star is still pale ;  
'Twixt aught save the sun and the heaven's fair flower  
What love can avail?

So the nights turn to years, and the moon in her glory  
Still travels through space ;  
And the star gives no sign of his love or his story  
But watches her face.

# Jacinta

## CLOSE THE GATES

**M**AKE fast the gates through which for years  
have poured

The lawless hosts from yonder side the world ;  
Against our land these human shafts are hurled  
And spread contagion from their own foul horde.  
Dear to their souls are fire and the sword,  
Like snakes they lie within the shadow curled ;  
They flout our flag — the flag which floats unfurled  
Above their heads them freedom to afford.

Our men are idle and our women weep,  
Their little babes go hungrily to sleep ;  
And still they come — Italians, Slavs and Greeks.  
Make fast the gates against this human slime  
For Want will drive our stalwart men to crime  
And tempt their daughters with their whitened  
cheeks.

# Jacinta

## ART

THE same to-day with dim, dead yesterdays  
True Art remains, beyond Death's welcome  
thrall,

And pays no heed to that imperious call  
Whereby earth's great obtain their deathless bays.  
Through gray-hued years, in drear, unlightened  
ways,

From on her throne she sees vast empires fall  
Whose crumbling wrack ne'er soils her temple's  
wall,

Strong built and high, of envious chrysoprase.

And one sweet chord doth bind all souls who kneel,  
Or once have knelt at her dear feet, and feel

That quenchless flame her chosen understand ;  
Thus they who sleep beneath Italian skies  
Are one with those who hear the wind's soft sighs  
With restful requiems woo our western land.

# Jacinta

## SCIENCE

WITH cool, calm brow and eyes dispassionate  
She sits near Art, and sees her children  
wrest

The veil aside which shields the earth's warm  
breast

And, one by one, their victories consummate.  
To those who dare, she shows both cause and fate  
Of all vain things, and helps their eager quest  
To read the words that crown life's sunlit crest  
Before they seek, pale-lipped, Death's shadowed  
gate.

A teacher she, who makes her pupils find  
Mysterious meanings in the rain and wind,  
And hints of heaven in the humblest sod ;  
And though she rends, the rents but help to prove  
The law behind — the law of ceaseless love  
That proves Man's grand affinity with God.

# Jacinta

## THE EVENING STARS

**T**HE stars that light the firmament,  
I often think, are nuns,  
Who purely lived and gladly went  
To chant their orisons  
In chorus at the golden door  
Whence mercy streams forevermore.

We only see those nuns at night ;  
By day they kneel and pray  
And ask of God to send us light  
To drive our gloom away.  
But every eve they sing and smile  
And heavy hearts are glad the while.

# Jacinta

## THIS DAY'S MESSAGE

**M**AKE thou no plan of deeds that will be done  
To-morrow — day that may not dawn for  
thee ;

Perchance 't is writ this night the night shall be  
Wherein thy soul by hungry Death is won.  
E'er morning light thy life's last sands may run  
Their fleeting course, and thou must brave that  
sea

Whose fearsome waters glide eternally  
Between earth's shores and heaven's outpost sun.

To-day thou art ; a few short hours are thine  
Wherein to quaff of life's enchanting wine

Whose bitter dregs must, too, be drained at last.  
To-morrow is to-morrow's. Canst thou say  
What thou wilt do, or how wilt while away  
The unborn hours to which thy right is past ?

# Jacinta

## COMPENSATION

**I** DREAMED one night I stood before the seat  
Of God in heaven, brooding o'er my past.

With bitter smile my bleeding soul I cast  
For judgment in the flames about His feet.  
But very soon my soul, made pure and sweet,  
Flew back to me, and I beheld at last  
My nobler self, angelic grown and vast,  
And all my life seemed rounded and complete.

Abashed I stood, until an angel came  
And led me thence to where the blessed Dame  
Awaited us, upon her breast a dove.  
She understood the look upon my face  
Which seemed to ask: "Wherefore this gift of  
grace?"  
So smiled and said: "Our God, is He not  
Love?"

# Jacinta

## DEATH

WITH restful lips, o'er which no laughter  
flies,  
And mighty limbs, in gray hues garmented,  
She sits and waits life's outcast, weary dead  
To seal their mouths and close their frightened  
eyes.  
No heed she pays to pleadings, nor to sighs,  
But lays her hand on each care-weighted head  
And gives it rest — God's promised rest —  
instead,  
Until each one from sleep shall rearise.  
And unto each she doth a gift bequeath —  
To those who strived, perhaps, a laurel wreath ;  
To others sleep and sweet forgetfulness.  
While unto those whose lips ne'er knew, above,  
The fond communion of another's love,  
She doth bestow, unknown, their first caress.



# Jacinta

## THE ONE FACE

**A**S one late rose, unspoiled by autumn winds,  
Makes bright the garden, desolate and bare :  
So one dear face, the soul's fond comforter,  
Can with a smile make all the world seem fair.

# Jacinta

## THE PLAYERS' QUESTION

“ **W**HENCE come the countless phantoms  
which we see

Filling our house, new-visaged every day?

Where do they go when once they pass away,  
Silent, unnoticed, wrapt in mystery?

Who is this One (if One there truly be)

Who has the power to create and slay

Us, the poor puppets of this ghostly play  
Which may continue through eternity? ”

So ask the weary players ; but, alas,

No answer comes till one by one they pass

(The priest, the fool, the soldier and the sage)

Behind the misty curtain and, revealed,

See what was once conjectured, though concealed —

A host of actors on a mighty stage.

# Jacinta

## THE MIDNIGHT VISITATION

**B**UT yesternight my own Belovèd came —  
My sad soul's light, both wondrous fair and  
wise —

And lit awhile with rays from her sweet eyes  
The humble room wherein I toil for fame.  
So fair she seemed ! About her head the same  
Rich glory hovered that one sees in skies  
That gain the day's last blessing, ere it flies  
To tell earth's sorrow to the star-crowned Dame.

How good it was on that still ripening breast,  
Forgetting all, my weary head to rest,  
And cool my lips within her tresses' shade ;  
But when I sought, grown strong, to hold her hand  
Within mine own that she might understand,  
I sighed, and then — ah well, each dream must  
fade.

# Jacinta

## THE POET'S CREED

**I** FAIN would teach the beauties of belief,  
In that grand creed wherein the one God  
bides,

Above all worlds and in all things, and guides  
Our faltering steps, or long our lives or brief.

For good it is for us to know that grief

Is but a veil, without whose darkness hides

The Light of Lights in whom each soul confides  
When Death to Life's sad doubting brings relief.

As phantom lights upon some lonely fen

Have lured astray the feet of weary men,

So worldly thought our bonds with God has rent.

In ~~future~~ years a star, a smile, a shower,

The morn's soft dew, the storm, the waking flower,

Will speak of Him and thus give men content.

# Jacinta

## LYRIC

**C**OMMAND me not, my Queen, to go  
From out thy sight ;  
To brave the storm, the blinding snow,  
The starless night.

Within thy heart the shrine is placed  
Whereat I pray ;  
Ah, send me not, fore'er disgraced,  
In tears away.

But let on me the love-light shine  
Within thine eyes,  
Wherein is stored the light divine  
When daytime dies.

# Jacinta

## HOPE AT THE GRAVE OF LOVE

**O** LOVE, dear Love, I stand my guard alone  
In night's sad calm beside thy sacred tomb ;  
Weary am I, and frightened at the gloom  
And at the sorrow in the poor wind's moan.  
Oh, my Beloved ! art thou not my own ?  
No fear have we to parted be by doom,  
For we are one. Thou only canst relume  
My lamp's pale light, half-spent and feeble grown.

My heart is stifled by these flowers' breath,  
Which seems to whisper thou art one with Death  
And not with me. Yon lonely cushat dove  
Has ceased its song, and o'er the moistened grass  
The hopeless shadows with vague movements pass  
And pity me, who cry to thee, O Love !

# Jacinta

## WITH A VOLUME OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

**T**HESE songs, dear friend, may softly speak  
to thee

Of happy hours, and soothe thy tender heart  
Of all unrest, and heal perchance the smart  
Of all thy woe and maiden misery.

These men could sing ; their lovely melody  
In many eyes has made the tear-drops start.

Their ware was love, the world was but the mart  
In which they showed their songs to you and me.

And as you turn the throbbing pages o'er  
Remember this : that though they are no more  
Their words still live, like stars which shine  
above ;

They ne'er will die, for hearts are still the same,  
And sure are men of everlasting fame

Who croon the world to rest with songs of love.

# Jacinta

## WITH A TANAGRA STATUETTE

**A**S old, perhaps, though not so fair as She  
Who through long years of restlessness has  
stood

The type of highest, purest womanhood,  
This statue is, I herewith proffer thee.  
That other's eyes look forward and they see  
Thy sisters' future ; these in pity brood  
Above their past. Thus both are truly good  
And worthy a true woman's sympathy.

Dear Lady, then, within some shrined recess  
Place thou this one, whose downcast glances bless  
The pallid brows of her most patient dead ;  
So she may gain, when thou shalt hover near,  
Thy lamp's own light, and bear to each lone bier  
New words of peace and hopefulness instead.



# Jacinta

## LYRIC

**P**ALE lips that yearn for kisses,  
Sad lips that ever grieve,  
Red lips that know what bliss is  
And taste of it at eve —  
Bethink you how the flowers  
Beneath the mould must lie ;  
They bloom a few short hours  
And then they fade and die.

O blue eyes live with fire,  
O black eyes lit with flame,  
O eyes that wake desire  
And eyes still soft with shame —  
Bethink you time is flying  
And love is passing, too ;  
At dawn you may be lying  
Beneath the sombre yew !

## Jacinta

There rest the old-time lovers,  
    There sleep they, man and maid ;  
Too late each one discovers  
    The sunshine turns to shade.  
Bethink you, you must follow,  
    As night-time follows day,  
To where the hills are hollow  
    And Love no more holds sway.

# Jacinta

## THE HIGHER PRAISE

(AT THE GRAVE OF RICHARD REALF, LONE MOUNTAIN)

WITH curling lip I sought that chosen place  
Wherein, at last, earth's toilers rest, nor  
hear

The fretful call of songbird, or the drear  
Dull boom of waves against the sad shore's face.

The hopeless fog had ceased its spectral race

In search of peace, which restless man holds  
dear

And seldom finds. The air was cool and clear ;  
The flowers slept and night came on apace.

Beneath a mound of simple green there lay  
A man who sang, yet lacks the deathless bay,

And lies unheeded, though his art was great ;  
But while I mused the wind from o'er the sea

With scented breath crept gently up to me

And whispered low : " Unloved of all — save  
Fate ! "

# Jacinta

## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

**I** LOOK beyond the sunshine and I see  
Two ominous clouds grow larger day by day :  
Across the gloom with fitful flashes play  
The lightnings of our bondmen's enmity ;  
Our shackled hordes creep forward as the sea  
O'erfloods the land the which it gnaws away,  
And 'neath each smile I see a blank dismay  
Of what behind the future's veil may be.

I hear a tramping as of men at arms,  
The bugles' shrilling and the drums' alarms,  
The cries of children and the mothers' groans ;  
The country trembles and the cities shake,  
The fools make merry but the wise men quake —  
They know the meaning of the undertones.

# Jacinta

## TO ONE IN DOUBT

**I**N one who treads each morn the mountains'  
height

And sees the golden glory everywhere

There is excuse, I hold, for sweet despair

When sunbeams fade before encroaching night.

The heart and soul crave ever ceaseless light

And prove thereby dependance on His care

From whom we say come all things good and  
fair —

Each feathered priest and petaled anchorite.

So when the shades with muffled footsteps creep  
Along the paths to put the flowers to sleep

And phantom mists drop down o'er hill and dell,

The heart grows sad because the spirit seems

Too weak alone to face night's sombre dreams

Forgetting this : The gloom is God's as well.

# Jacinta

## LYRIC

**O** SWEET my loved one, hear my prayer,  
Be thou mine own and love me !

So dear art thou, so proud, so fair —

Alas, so far above me.

Yet thou, perchance, dear love, wilt deign

To soothe a heart long steeped in pain,

For pity is a maiden's gain —

O sweet my loved one, hear !

So oft I've prayed, my heart is sore.

When far from thee I sorrow,

And yet, alas, it pains me more

To meet thee on the morrow.

Ah, would that I were fondly pressed

Against thy true, all-sacred breast,

Then, then, ah then, might I find rest —

O sweet my loved one, hear !

# Jacinta

ROBERT BROWNING

O POET Soul ! whose most melodious songs  
Can soothe the heart attuned to Life's  
sweet sorrow,  
Our doubting minds from thy great strength can  
borrow  
That wondrous faith for which the God-Soul longs.  
Star-pure and calm amidst seraphic throngs  
Thou watchest now our stumbling feet, which  
follow  
Thy beaten track which on some hallowed  
morrow  
Shall lead us home from out this world of wrongs.  
As minor stars from out the central sun  
Beget their light, so we, till all is done,  
May solace find in soul-born melody ;  
We turn to thee, between whose every line .  
The primal thoughts of human welfare shine —  
Life, Love and God, and Immortality !

# Jacinta

## TO ONE WHO WEARS OPALS

**T**HINK not, dear lady, that a fateful gem  
    Around thy form can cast unhallowed spell ;  
    But rather know that it belongs full well  
Among the stones that form thy diadem.  
Fair are they all, but mistress over them,  
    Lady, thou art, as rules the asphodel  
    Among the drooping flowers, when the knell  
Of day's sad burial sounds their requiem.

Nay, I do hold, at sight of thy kind face  
Those opals gain fresh virtues and the grace  
    That is, dear lady, thine and e'er will be ;  
They thus become thy guards, whose duties are  
From hurt and harm of envious, baneful star  
    Through night's and day's long hours to keep  
    thee free.



# Jacinta

## THE HIGHER MARRIAGE

ONE summer's eve in yonder church I whiled  
An hour away in meditative prayer,  
And while I dreamed, a maid, most young and  
fair,

With silent step approached the Dame most mild.  
Before her feet, with loving touch, the child  
Laid fresh-culled roses, odorous and rare,  
Whose scents commingled and possessed the air  
In purest passion, warm yet undefiled.

Ah, when the soul forsakes this house of clay  
To roam untrammelled through the courts of Day  
And seek its fond companions of the past,  
May it not be that we (whose love is vain)  
May taste the sweets of innocence again  
And share the perfumes' purity at last?

## Jacinta

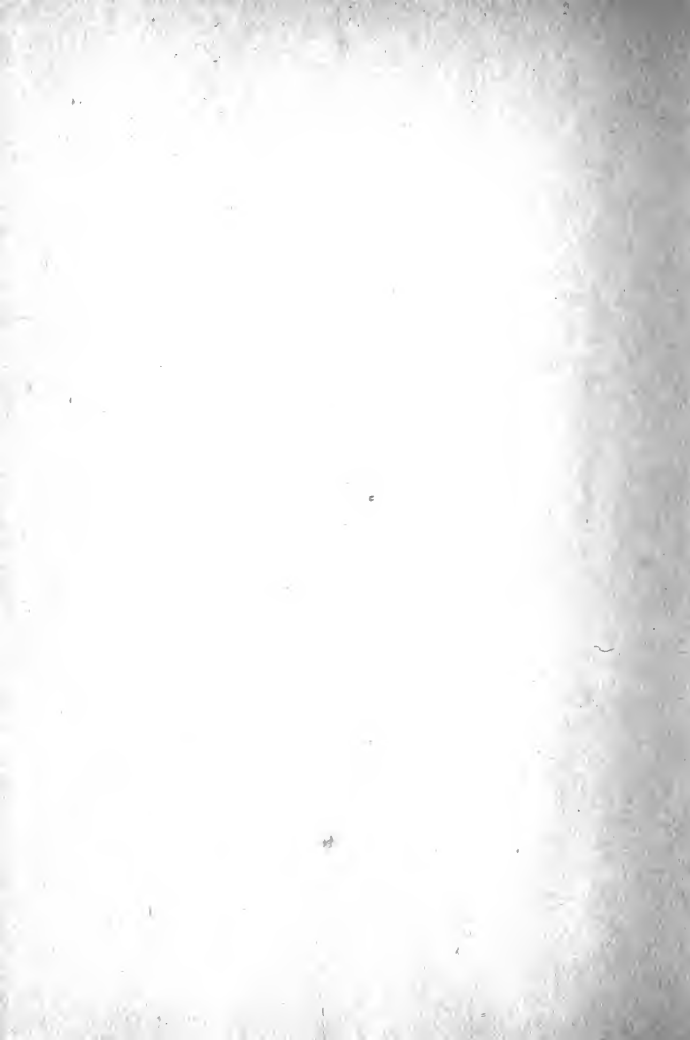
### A PRAYER FOR A MAN'S PASSING

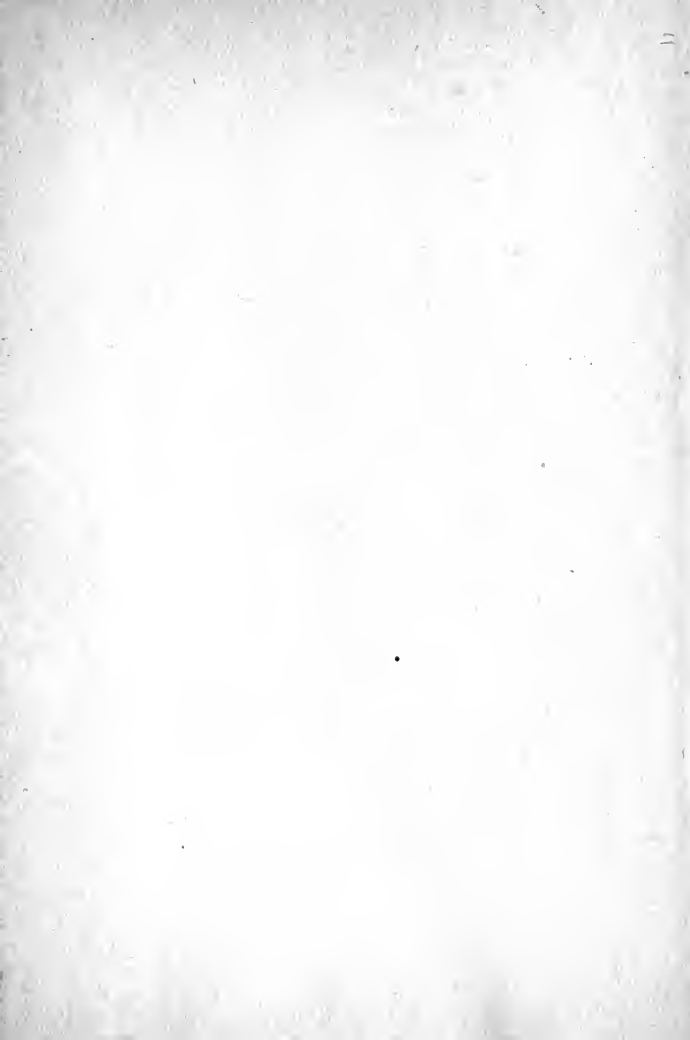
**L**ET me not pass till eve,  
Till that day's fight is done ;  
What soldier cares to leave  
The field until it 's won !  
And I have loved my work and fain  
Would be deemed worthy of the ranks again.

Let twilight come, then night,  
And when the first birds sing  
Their matin songs, and light  
Wakens each slumbering thing,  
Let Someone waken me, and set  
My feet to steps that lead me upward yet.

*In Preparation*

BIGGS'S BAR, & OTHER  
KLONDYKE BALLADS

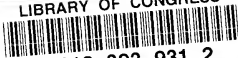




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